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WHOLE UNITED No. 96.

FOUR MONTHS IN BU OPE.

BY SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

That is a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return who travel out.

Cowley.

No. VI.

After the mummerly at St. Paul's, I determined to adventure once more, in quest of rational christianity, among the churches of London. I visited St. Martin's, in — Lane, and St. Andrew's, Holborn, St. John's, and St. Jude's, and almost every other Saint's in the calendar; but, for instruction and devotion, I had much better have gone to St Bartholomew's Fair. I will be sworn, I might have found more reverence of heaven and heavenly ordinances beneath the motley of a masked fool, than beneath the surplice of either vicar or curate in either church. I do not speak out of wantonness or vain ridicule. No one venerates religion more; no one is more sensible of the awful responsibility of all men, and especially of those who assume the guise of meekness but to spoil and devour. I never saw the least apparent sincerity in the manner of any priest of the Church of England, except an humble curate whom I chanced to hear at Hornsey. To revel at their ease—to prey upon their parishioners; exacting their tithes without mercy or compassion—turning families into the streets—almost snatching the crumbs from the clenched hands of famishing children; to play at cards till midnight, or attend horseraces till the dawn of the Sabbath, or crouch at the feet of some great man and beg a benefice, in which they can tyrannise on a greater scale; these are their desires and occupations.* The least gifted minister

* Nothing can equal the irreligious behaviour of many of the English clergy, except their unchristian intolerance. While the mind of man remains uncrushed by the worst of all possible despotism, free discussion in literature, politics and religion, will be assumed and maintained. It is, therefore, utterly in vain to array the penal terrors of the law against those who deviate from orthodox opinions. Persecution invariably procures friends. The Inquisition taught men charity; Leo's indul-

in our wild woods would be ashamed to preach such a sermon as I have heard in the largest churches in London. It would have disgraced a schoolboy. But they have more important avocations than administering the word of God to the ignorant, and smoothing the rugged path of death to the benighted spirits of the dying. They are wooing some fair lady, or bargaining for some stately bishoprick. Simony, foxhunting and duelling, are the familiar occupations of many of these priests. Heaven preserve the people! This is the fruit of the union of church and state! Our ancestors dearly bought the wisdom which prescribed that there should be no established church in America. They had seen and felt the effects of such an arrangement. Alas! it is but a melancholy business to gather knowledge and behold distant countries; the pleasure is more than counterbalanced by the pain. To see mockery in the house of God—a corrupt heart offering the holy sacrament at the altar—to hear a notoriously prodigal man preaching of temperance and judgment to come, and reading that beautiful liturgy which should flow from the tongues of seraphim—it is horrible! When man, looking around him in this trying world and contemplating all the sorrows, diseases and troubles, which afflict the human race, even to the death, turns to the sacred altar of religion—the last, best refuge of the sick in heart and the sorrowful, and discovers that the worst of his offences, now deeply repented of, cannot match those of the daring churchman, who offers to absolve his sins—what must be his thoughts? what his astonishment, that not even the hallowed

gences brought liberty to the benighted. Nothing can be more injudicious than the numerous prosecutions which are instituted against opinions, unlikely to become, when unarraigned, pernicious to any who deserve protection. None but madmen and fools seek the destruction of their souls. They who think and feel can scrutinize and judge irreligious writings quite as well as those, whose office and occupation it is to confound more frequently than to convince. But, alas! this is the age, not of common sense, but of cant; cant hypocritical, cant hypercritical, cant orthodox, and cant heterodox. *Ace Maria! ora pro nobis!*

shrine of the meek Redeemer is safe from the abominations of impious idolaters?

Society—a union originally by the express agreement of each for the mutual advantage of all—originally a solace and a protection, has deteriorated lamentably, in these our days, from the excellence and beauty of its first institution. It is no longer a safeguard from oppression nor a source of pleasure to the vast proportion of those who compose it. It is sundered into innumerable grades and divisions; and envy, detraction, hatred and malevolence, like so many truculent furies, hurry hither and thither, sowing dissention and unhappiness among those who, but for their diabolic machinations, would have dwelt in peace and brotherhood of soul. How inefficient are any human laws to the proper regulation of mankind, when their ingenuity is labouring to controvert them, it needs not to say; but it must be apparent to all that those edicts and enactments will be the most readily obeyed, which can be the most promptly executed—as those countries are less haunted by crime which rely upon a few plain and intelligible decrees, beyond the sophistication of interest, than those that are buried beneath a thousand ancient folios, whose contents no human memory can retain. When a kingdom, like Great Britain, has been making laws, every parliamentary session, for a thousand years, without attending to the exact purport of previous enactments, it must inevitably happen that glosing lawyers, with their practical subtlety and labyrinth of sophistical logic, will paint the face of guilt like an angel of light, and convert the fearful blush of innocence into the instinctive confession of offence. When this can happen with impunity, society cannot exist in safety. Every man will look upon his neighbour as his foe, and avoid his intercourse as he would a wasting pestilence. Suspicion will glare in every searching eye, and inhumanity harden and debase every corrupted heart. The great bond of communion is broken; there is no longer any faith in man. Jealousy and discontent lower in every countenance, and confidence vanishes from the occupations of men. Like drowning wretches,

each struggles for himself—listening not to the shriek of the delicate woman, or the last rattling cry of the suffocated infant. The dark turbid waters are howling around them; despair is in every face; strength sinks exhausted from every trembling arm. All is uproar and confusion; a gloomy waiting for of direr ills to come—a ferocious grappling of the few failing means of safety left. When a nation has arrived to that degree of corruption, that a single guinea will purchase two false witnesses to make oath to any thing; we may well despair of any protection in human laws or human society. No more amendments can avail; the whole must be anatomised, probed, seared, torn in pieces, and searched through and through with a red-hot iron. The terrible monster must be dragged from his den; the Centaur must be crushed by the giant might of the Alcides; the blood-thirsty Sphinx must be driven to desperation by the wisdom of a free parliament—not a rotten assemblage of cock-fighters and fox-hunters; the monstrous Python must be smothered in the fathomless mud of the deluge of crime. Mr. Peel may propose laws and talk finely about them; and Mr. Hume may orationize till the midnight senators are all a nodding—in approbation; but something more than speechifying must obtain ere England can enjoy a particle of liberty or justice. Magna Charta is the law—the safeguard of the nobility; but where is the palladium of universal freedom? Who can save the poor mechanic or the industrious artisan from the robbery of a lazy, profligate priest, or the murderous gripe of an ignorant, unfeeling landholder? “The slave is free the moment he touches English ground.” Free, with a vengeance! Every poor man in England is a boughten and sold slave to the exactions and cruelties of lord-tax, priest-tax and king-tax.

Nothing more thoroughly disgusts a republican in England than the intermixture of grandeur and gloom, pomp and penury, utter misery and boundless profusion, which every where prevails. London itself images the wretchedness and extravagance of its population. No places on earth are more unlike than St. Giles', the Minories, Russel Court, &c. and Portland Place, Regent-street, and Grosvenor square. Here life's extremes are beheld in all their disgusting loathsomeness. The lascivious sounds of revelry echo through the hopeless abodes of despair and death. Fairy forms, in splendid dresses, whose cost was

thousands, spring lightly in the mazy dance, while famishing and naked wretches vainly implore, beneath their illuminated halls, a scanty alms to preserve them from famine. The mendicants again! Yes, for the emaciated children of the earth are imaged in my memory, and will not depart. Would I had never seen them! But not only these dying victims of a tyrannical government implore in vain; they who have more legal claims, the tradesmen, are compelled to wait the pleasure of their courtly customers, and, what is more, be content too often with the distinguished honour of their thrifless patronage. Every season, multitudes of these extravagant plagues of the earth are ruined, as they should be, and exiled, after a brief exhibition of unparalleled folly, from all the scenes of metropolitan splendour. Not unfrequently, they are reduced to the dreadful estate of those whom, in their days of extravagance, they refused to relieve. I cannot find terms to express my abhorrence of hereditary rank and hereditary folly. I cannot say how much I deplore the dreadful destiny of England. In Spitalfields alone sixteen thousand industrious people were deprived of employment and bread by the operation of a single new-fangled law. More than a hundred thousand in other parts of England suffered the same fate.* In mentioning this distress it is but justice however to render due praise to the good Bishop of Chester—an ornament to the English hierarchy—who dedicated his whole time and interest, for more than four weeks, to the cause of the sufferers in Spitalfields. Were there many such pastors, such suffering would exist. But alas! wherever others may seek the cause of their evils, monarchy, *est Orcus ille*;

*So dreadful were the distresses in England, while I was there, that hundreds sought refuge from the rages in the arms of death. When I resided in Islington (a fine suburb of London) six persons committed suicide, during one day, within bow-shot of my apartments. Constable, the great Edinburgh publisher, was driven mad by his business losses, and his friends were compelled to confine him to prevent self-destruction. Yet, even in the midst of these awful tragedies, it is proposed to pull down Carlton House, (the place where Byron recommends Mrs. Fry to attempt her system of reformation instead of Newgate) and build another more splendid palace on its site; since this residence ill befits a monarch, who reigns over a people whose hearts are bursting with agony—whose lips vainly implore the crumbs that fall from the princely banquet to preserve them from the last and most dreadful horrors attendant on humanity.

vis est immedicabilis; est rabies insana. Delirant reges, pluviantur Actiæ. While a king bears sway, England will not need houses, but cities of correction; New South Wales will soon be more densely populated than the British empire.

—“*Velociter et citius nos*

Curruunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis Cum rubeant aures auctoribus”

When they, who should be the fathers of their people, become their guides into every crime, what can be expected but that ruin should ensue; *ἡ δὲ πόλις ὅλη κακὰ κρείσσει.* Poverty leads to desperation, and desperation to every enormity. Rome fell from her grandeur when the luxuries of Asia had enervated the minds and corrupted the hearts of her people. The nobles of Taygetus would prove better guardians of a nation's wealth and welfare than such nobility as afflict and exhaust the famous isle of Albion. But excellent old Burton shall describe the rest. *Ab uno disce omnes.* “He sits at table in a soft chair; a tired waiter stands behind him; a hungry fellow ministers to him full; he is a thurst that gives him drink, and is silent while he speaks his pleasure. He feasts, revels, profusely spends, hath variety of rich robes, sweet music, ease, and all the world can afford, while many a hunger-starved poor creature pines in the street, wants clothes to cover him, labours hard all day long, runs, rides for a trifle, sick and ill, weary, full of pain and grief, is in great distress and sorrow of heart. He loathes and scorns his inferior; hates his equal, envies his superior, insults over all such as are under him, as if he were of another species, a demi-god, not subject to any fall or human infirmities. So unnatural are they for the most part, so churlish, proud, insolent—so brutish, so devilishly bent, how is it possible but we should be discontent of all sides, full of cares, woes, and miseries.” How possible, indeed?

That must have been an invaluable book which taught Dr. Johnson to live cheaply in London; Gifford should be appointed burrower general after all old tomes of that sort; and he might annotate them, to show his learning and acrimony, as much as he pleased, provided he presented the world with an edition ere doomsday. He might be much better employed in illustrating such practical works, than ranting and fuming about loxeter and Mr. M. Malow. Verily, I wonder where that same excellent, nonpareil old book hath burrowed? Dr. Johnson was much too good a philanthropist to ordain it an heirloom in

his family. By its wonderful precepts, it appears, he lived very economically in the dear metropolis; but how, it surpasseth my comprehension. I never heard of any other person who could boast as much. But, to leave the doctor and his magical little book, London is the dearest place to breathe in I ever saw. There are persons in America who say that one *can* live unexpensively, if one thinks proper; which is so far from being true, that one cannot live at all without, at least, *four* times the expense of subsistence in America. In the first place, no furnished rooms, (where board is *never* to be procured) fit for a gentleman to sit down in, can be obtained at less than thirty-five shillings sterling per week. Next, provisions are exorbitantly high; beef is twenty-five cents a pound, and all other meats in proportion; a decent fish, value fifty cents, is one guinea; a small sized loaf is twelve cents; wine, common, one dollar; best, three dollars a bottle; even their usual beverage, porter, is two York shillings a quart; and every thing else on the same scale. One dollar lasts longer in the United States than one pound does in England. Clothing is, however, a somewhat redeeming article; a handsome suit of the best broadcloth can be procured for twenty dollars. It would cost fifty, at least, in America. But this expense is not all. Your provisions are always sent by the sellers; they are, of course, delivered to the woman of the house; and it is a singularly fortunate circumstance if one half of what was purchased ever reaches you. The women, who let furnished lodgings, support themselves on the plunder of those who occupy their apartments. You may remonstrate, but it avails not; you may remove, but that avails not; they are all alike. You may prosecute, but that avails least of all, for the Bow-street officers are leagued with them, and also with the hackney-coachmen, and it is impossible to convict them. This course Mr. C— informed me, had been repeatedly followed, but without success. Besides all this, the servant of the lodging house expects at least two shillings sterling, every week as a *douceur* for her rudeness;* and, after

all her blundering, the woman, her mistress, expects half a bottle of wine, every day, to keep her in temper. So money goes, hither and thither; no rest, no cessation of profusion. But *largess* is the watchword, and *scatter* the motto. I do not wonder that the late Dr R— of New-York, expended \$13,000 during two years in Europe; I rather think that he was singularly prudent. Every thing has its fees—its perquisites—its sinecures. A system of imposition pervades the whole of this part of society; beggars all, or thieves, or both together. There is no faith in them, wanting money; they can be *hired* to do any thing. Refuse them a shilling for deigning to look at them, and they will insult till Billingsgate is out-Billingsgated; give it, and the meanest of slaves would not stoop and cringe so low.

The public ornaments of London cannot appear advantageously amid the mud and smoke of a great and commercial city. They are blackened by the murky clouds and dilapidated by the humid atmosphere. Their airy beauty is soon lost in a destructive climate, and their outward splendour is less imposing from the propinquity of objects either loathsome in themselves or made so by association. But, notwithstanding these disadvantages, London may boast of many magnificent structures; some for their antiquity, some admirable for their utility, and some for their yet un-

never aspire above their situation and rank in life; and consequently they are better fitted to discharge the duties appertaining to their offices. But it is far otherwise with our domestics. Every merely human ordinance and regulation is subject to evils, against which no sagacity can provide; and the pomposity, the extravagance, the assumption and the insolence of our negro servants constitute, perhaps, the least endurable abuse of republican equality. I have heard many English gentlemen speak severely of these plagues of American life, and I joined with them in denouncing an abomination which is, apparently, irremediable. Nothing can exceed the impudence of these wretches; nothing can excuse the Pennsylvanian system of misanthropy: a system which exposes the lives and fortunes of thousands to the horrors of another San Domingo massacre. They may esteem themselves philanthropic: but no one who endures the propinquity of these liberated vassals (vassals by the ordinance of God himself) can doubt for a moment that the Friends are, in this instance, peculiarly unfriendly to the well-being of society. It is easier to bear the avarice of European servants than the unbounded presumption and insolence of our own. The best domestics I ever saw—the best tempered, the most faithful, the least obtrusive, generally, are the French.

injured beauty. A hoary grandeur, an awe-inspiring gloom hangs over the Tower of Julius, which its melancholy history but too much augments. The prison of princes—the slaughter-house of ambition; the dungeon of traitors—the strong castle of the feudal ages; history invests it with terror, and the mind is overclouded while its vast recesses are explored. Quickly we travel back through generations that have gone. We behold the noble tenants of these gloomy walls submitting, with strong shudderings, to their disastrous fate, and fearfully anticipating the doom which awaits them. Their shadows seem to gloom along the walls, and the imagination yet hears the sighs and groans, which once echoed along these darksome passages and desolate chambers, unheard except by the coldly listening vaults of their prison dwelling. But there is something awful in such fancies, and heart-chilling in such recollections. The dungeons and the towers are empty now; or rather they are tenanted, much to the credit of modern civilization, only by wild beasts—their proper occupants. It would be a triumph of humanity to behold all the feudal castles in Europe populated only by such untameable animals. Their natures bear a close affinity to those of the haughty and inimitable barons who erected them. The dreadful strongholds of the barbaric and ruthless lords of other times should reverberate only the roarings of lions and the howlings of tigers, less savage than they. Let the walls sink to ruin and the battlements fall! Why should man—*imago Dei*, *Dei umbra*—labour to perpetuate the vestiges of an age when the earth groaned at the atrocities of innumerable tyrants, and justice cried in vain to that avenging God, whose name and ordinances were alike blasphemed and despised? Too much disposed to prefer any times to our own, and to diffuse the romantic colouring of our own vain imaginations over events and persons long since passed away, we heedlessly reverence deeds black as hell, and destroyers more nefarious than Abaddon. But, undazzled by the delusive gorgeousness of chivalric days, and undeceived by the mellow light which time has shed over ancient achievements, let reason calmly scrutinize the occurrences of the elder time; and barons and knights and gallant ladies, with all their train of abbesses and priors, bishops and cardinals, will sink into what in reality they were—bloody, lawless warriors

* With all their faults, however, both mercenary and otherwise, the English servants are preferable to our own. To counterbalance, in some degree, the thousand evils of English government, the long established law of custom justly prohibits a domestic the privileges and authorities which belong to higher grades of society. They seldom or

and plunderers, lascivious adulterers, and ungodly idolaters. Let their memories perish with the dungeons, where innocence sighed unsuccoured, and valour was extirpated by midnight treachery. Words, more than wisdom, sway the minds of men; and when a romancer talks of helms and lances, gorgets, casques, spears, visors—warriors in glittering mail, invincible; donjohns, keeps, corridors, lady-loves, gallant adventures, and other such fine sounding things; we are very apt to forget that this splendid armour covered hearts blacker than Erebus, and heads more ignorant than that of the lowest goatherd of St. Gothard; that these warriors went forth to plunder and devour, and returned to their baronial halls to revel, like outroaring peasants, over the bloody spoils of the widow and the fatherless.

Popular Tales.

LUKE LORANCE, THE CAMERONIAN.

An absence of forty years in a foreign land, amid perils and sorrows, and all the varieties of evil fortune, had failed to subdue that love of home which belongs to every human heart. It was on a summer morning when my ship entered the Scottish sea, and the hills and the woody vales of my native land began to appear in succession before me as we sailed along the coast. I had seen more lovely hills and richer valleys—had wandered where we crushed at every step the clusters of ripe grapes, or trod among fragrant berries and scented herbs; but early joys and remembrances had consecrated the rugged hill and the lonesome glen, and Scotland was dearer to me in her homely garb of heath and grass, than the sunniest and richest regions of the east. I went ashore, and sought the way to my native village. The houses, covered at my departure with heather or broom, now sparkled in blue slate; and the way which formerly winded through a wilderness of hazel, holly, and wild plum, was now drawn as straight as a line; while a rude fence of shapeless stone prevented the traveller from seeking the company of a little brook which still pursued unmolested its ancient freakish and fairy course. The village had been compelled by a new purchaser to dismiss its ancient name, and assume the surname

of an opulent plodder from the West Indies. This change was but partially effected; the old people, who have no alacrity in forming new friendships, treated the name of their new landlord with open scorn—and the young, who are more tractable in such matters, contented themselves with moderate merriment. In leases and in deeds the new name appeared, and also in a grant to the poor of the parish sedulously emblazoned in gold on the walls of the parish kirk; but the old name still maintained its ground in tale, in song, and in conversation, and bade fair to triumph in time over the new one.

The name of the village had not undergone a greater change than the houses and the people. The house which had sheltered my name for centuries—I see it before me as I speak, with its sharp gables, crow-stepped skews, arched door-way, floor of hewn stone, and huge hall chimney, where fifty people might find comfort in a snowy night—the house of my fathers had been cast down, and a new house with a flat roof and Venetian windows occupied its place. The name of the possessor too was changed from plain Emanuel Herries, portioner of fifty acres of land, into “John Macfen, Esq. writer,”—whose ready pen and shrewd spirit had assisted largely in the transfer of property from old hands to new, while every new change brought a large tribute of hill and holm, and good red gold, into the possession of this region kirk. Other houses and other names had undergone similar changes—there appeared more exterior beauty about the houses, but less internal comfort; all seemed anxious to show a carved and gilded outside, but two or three experiments taught me that the hearty patriarchal hospitality of the people had undergone a momentous change since my departure. My relations, my friends, the companions of my youth, were all dead, departed, or dispersed. I inquired after some of the ancient names; a shake of the head, and “I never heard of the family before,” or “They are all dead and gone,” or “They have gone away to a distant land,” were generally the answers which I obtained.

Sick at heart, and sorrowful in spirit, I strolled to the extremity of the village, and stood looking on a tall pole, which carried a board at its extremity exhibiting the change which had taken place in the name of my native place. The board announced something else, namely, the hos-

tility of the people to their new landlord; for, shattered by a thousand stones, it required some skill in conjecture to stumble on its meaning.

In this very scrutiny I was employed, when I observed an old woman in a white mutch and closely manded, bent near the ground, and leaning over a staff, gazing intently upon me from the low door of a little cottage just opposite. I approached and said, “Where are the Halbertsons, the Hallidays, the Herries’, and all the old names of Nithsdale, which were once so rife in this village?” She drew her eyebrows deeply over her eyes, and after pondering on my person for some time, said, “A sad hour for Herries and for Halbertson, when the one must ask of the other what has become of their kin. I am all that remains of the house of Halbertson, and seven fair daughters, and seven bold sons, once sat at the board, and ye are all that remains of the house of Herries: a noble name and a brave, with fair castles and broad lands; but wherefore need I sigh? time, and civil dissension, and foreign war, make the lofty low and the low lofty. Names have their changes, even as the seasons have, and I see not why the Robsons and Rodans, and all other names which were once the lowest spokes in the wheel of fortune, should not turn uppermost at last. They are a civil and a kind-hearted people; skilful in flocks and in herds, and cunning in the culture of corn: more by token William Robson never passes my door from market or from mill but he leaves me something to remember him by. But if ye would learn the fate of the Herries’, go look among the long ranks of grave-stones in the parish kirkyard. There they lie with their memorials above them: thou wilt find grave succeeding grave of thy kin red and mine: the feet of the Halbertsons to the heads of the Herries’: wherefore thy name should undergo such humiliation I know not, save that there is no precedence in the court of death, and his dart levels all distinctions: even the more pity. And that reminds me to go and read a page or two of that glorious youth Rutherford.” And adjusting a pair of silver spectacles before her dim eyes, she turned herself round to retire.

“Dame Halbertson,” said I, “forty years have I remained in a far land, nor heard one word of my kindred: what is become of them and their lands and their towers?” “Become of them,” said she

old dame, apparently marvelling at my question, "the sea has had its share; so has the destroyer's sword. Sorrow has also craved her morsel; old age came last, and was worst served; seven years since, I stretched with these two withered hands all that I thought remained of the ancient house of Herries. His looks were stately, and his locks were long and white as the driven snow. I shall never look on such a manly form again, for the stamp of God is fast wearing out of the race of man. And of the lands did ye ask, and the old fowers? Alas, that the enthusiastic and devout spirit of thy name should have lessened thy inheritance and cast down thy halls; but the house of Herries stood fearlessly for the covenant through a period of some peril, and the glory they won above, diminished their substance below. They are gone, and none to mourn their departure but Luke Lorange and me." "Luke Lorange," I said, "and does my old school companion still live; I shall think the sun gives little light till I see him; where shall I find my old and merry friend?" Dame Halbertson laid her finger on her lip, and came close to my side: "Forty years change human cheer, and they have sorely changed Luke Lorange; much he endured in the evil days of persecution, and with a sword in his right hand and the Bible in his left, he fought and prayed, and warred, and meditated on mountain tops and lonesome places, and now his spirit is at times touched, and he thinks the period of dool and disaster has returned, and so he takes up his abode in wild hills and deep glens, and prays and preaches, and lifts up his voice against the pressing abominations of these godless times; till it is awful to see, and fearful to hear him. He has left his ancient abode, and built himself a house in the mouth of the Cameronian linn, and there will you find him." And away I walked to seek out the residence of Luke Lorange.

It stood in a sweet and lonesome place, at the entrance of a wild and caverned linn. An old tree hung down from the upper ground, overshadowing the roof, while through, among its thick green branches, a fine of thin white smoke, such as ascends from a summer fire, found its way to the wind—then visibly breathing among the boughs which waved over the linn. A brook, escaping from among woods and rocks, came streaming by, and, lingering amid a little holm, formed a pleasant pool

mid-waist deep, where a maiden had laid down a web of linen to bleach, and on the margin of which a brood of ducks sat dozing. The house itself was of rude construction: but more with an eye to self-denial and penitential humility, than with a desire of rational delight and comfort. The walls were of clay, hardened with a mixture of gravel; the roof was covered with a thick coating of heather, while a bundle of long broom, cut in blossom, and bound with withes, formed an effectual hallan or screen to shelter the entrance. The door stood opened; doors then were seldom closed save against winter storms, and I entered, without any announcement, the residence of my ancient friend.

The house seemed deserted by its owner, and I stood for a time and looked on the rude furniture and the scanty means of human comfort which were presented. As I looked, I saw something in the form of a human being, stretched out the chimney length; grovelling beside and almost among the warm ashes of the hearth fire. I went closer, and soon observed that it was one of those quiet and gentle idiots who formerly wandered about their native parish finding food and shelter; the questionable wisdom and humanity of man has since immured them in the county mad-house, and deprived the peasantry of much harmless merriment, social amusement, and some of those quaint and pithy sayings on which lunacy oftener stumbles than wisdom. He was clothed in very coarse gray cloth, without shoes or bonnet, and, raising himself on his hands, he lay and looked on me as a house dog would do, and growled out what seemed the remains of one of our old minstrel ballads.

ON TWEED STREAM SAT A SCOTTISH MAIDEN

1.

On Tweed stream sat a Scottish maiden,
A-kaming her silken hair,
To the other side came a southron dame,
To doun her white breasts there.

2.

And up then sang that southron dame,
And loudly lilted she;
Now who would swim Tweed's silver stream
To reave sic gear as thee.

3.

My gay gos-hawk flew over the Tweed,
At the rising of the sun,
And she came back wi' the Scotch thistle top,
To rowe her gosselines in.

4.

And up then sang that Scottish maiden,
And loudly lilted she,—
We pluck'd the wing of thy gay gos-hawk,
Down by the greenwood tree.

He concluded his ballad abruptly, gazed on me with much earnestness, and uttering a low and melancholy cry of recognition, lay down on the floor and chaunted in a slow and sorrowful tone the following verses, which seemed to allude to the adventures of some of my kindred.

GENTLE HUGH HERRIES.

1.

Go seek in the wild glen,
Where streamlets are falling;
Go seek on the lone hill,
Where curlews are calling;
Go seek when the clear stars
Shine down without number
For there will ye find him
My true love in slumber.

2.

They sought in the wild glen—
The glen was forsaken:
They sought on the mountain,
'Mang lang lady-bracken;
And sore, sore, they hunted
My true love to find him,
With the strong bands of air,
To fetter and bind him.

3.

Yon green hill I'll give thee,
Where the falcon is flying,
To show me the den where
This bold traitor's lying—
O make me of Nithsdale's
Fair princedom the heiress,
Is that worth one smile of
My gentle Hugh Herries?

4.

The white bread, the sweet milk,
And ripe fruits I found him,
And safe in my fond arms
I clasp'd and I wound him;
I warn thee go not where
My true lover tarries,
For sharp smites the sword of
My gentle Hugh Herries.

5.

He rein'd his proud war-steed,
Away he went sweeping,
And behind him dames wail'd, and
Fair maidens went weeping;
But deep in yon wild glen,
'Mang banks of blue berries,
I dwelt with my loved one,
My gentle Hugh Herries.

Concluding his song, he leaped to his feet, and motioning me to follow, went out of the house with a sidelong hop and skip,

and standing at the entrance of the linn, held both his hands along a rude zig-zag trodden way, which, winding among jutting rocks and stunted bushes, dived into the centre of that unfrequented region. Imagining that my Cameronian friend had retired into the recesses of the linn, I questioned my wayward guide, but all the response I could obtain was, "Deed are they; truth are they; twa o' them; twa o' them; the tane and the tither; daddie and daughter. Ye'll never see mair o' them; a' those who go into that linn living are borne out dead; torn with shot and hacked with iron, man and woman, and wee wailing wean. Truth are they, truth are they, twa o' them, twa o' them." And these disjointed expressions he continued muttering with great earnestness and rapidity, all the while directing me along the path. The sun had yet a full hour's journey ere it reached the western hills, and, parting with the simple lunatic, I proceeded along the path.

This remarkable glen, now called the Cameronian Linn, from the refuge which it afforded to the persecuted Covenanters, was at that time fragrant with the bloom of summer, and the diminished waters of the brook allowed a broader path than usual to those who wished to wander into its recesses. It was not without awe that I entered a place hallowed by many a song and legend. As I glided along the margin of the stream the banks rose higher and steeper, and the red freestone rock, hung with streamers of ivy, shot over my path, and nearly united the rugged sides. The stream sounded louder, and kept leaping from stone to stone; the trees, anxious for the fresh free air and the uninterrupted enjoyment of light, shot upwards along the face of the precipice, and threw out their green tops into the open air at the height of eighty feet over-head; while among the green boughs, hawks and ravens, and many lesser birds of carnage and rapine, sat looking down on me from a stunted branch or a shattered crag. The linn grew more wild and grand as I proceeded, expanding below and narrowing above, till a man, with a moderate exertion, might leap, and in several places step across. In one place it presented deep and immense caverns, in another it seemed smooth and regular, as if the hand of man had aided the labours of nature. At my feet the stream wheeled round and round in many a pool and trough, covered with a reddish foam, which it obtained by

chafing against the soft red rock with its seams of golden clay; while overhead, at the height of a hundred feet the freestone seam opened and gave to view a long irregular line of blue sky sprinkled with dim stars. Around me in many places had the hands of man been busied; a rude altar, surmounted by a stone crucifix, defaced much by time and more by the change of human opinion, still stood before a little grotto or cave beneath a projecting rock; while on the other side the image of an armed man on a barbed horse was deeply etched in the stone. Innumerable names and dates, some of them several hundred years old, bore record of those whom war, or love of seclusion, had driven into this singular place of refuge.

The sun, now moving down to the hill-top, streamed through the chasm, and tinted with a thousand changes of light the boughs, and the stream and the rock, and fell full and undivided on the leap of the linn, where the rivulet ground its way through the hard upper shelf of stone, and threw itself down at one uninterrupted bound into a fathomless plump below. As I stood and gazed on this wild and beautiful sight, I was startled by the sound of a human voice proceeding from a rude door or opening in the face of the rock. Who this might be, I stood short while to imagine; but laying hold of some long streamers of honeysuckle which, rooted in the upper ground, dropped their thick and odorous blossom down to the surface of the stream, I ascended a steep and winding path or stair which conducted me to the entrance of a large chamber or cavern. There, beside a block or table of stone, knelt an old man; an open Bible before him; his hands clasped together, and his head, with its remaining locks made lint-white by time and sorrow, stooped so low as to touch the floor. His dress was of that homespun and common sort called moorland gray, and a large broad westland bonnet, much soiled by long use, lay at his knees. Though worn with age, and changed in look, there was something about him which recalled earlier days; but if I knew not for a surety that my ancient friend Luke Lorange was before me, I could not be deceived by the resemblance which a softer image that knelt at his side bore to the companion of my youth. This was a maiden of some eighteen or twenty years old, clad in a kirtle and jupes of gray, bare-footed and bare-headed, and trimmed out with a strict re-

gard to the simplicity and penitential decorum of dress so rigidly enjoined by the professors of church discipline. But no neglect or austerity of dress could take away or lessen the light; the modest light of two sweet hazel eyes; or prevent her handsome form and beautiful face, slightly browned as it was by exposure to the sun, from influencing the heart of man. A thousand recollections of youthful times rushed upon me as I gazed on the kneeling forms before me. I spoke not, lest I should interrupt what seemed a devout humiliation of the spirit; and I imagined it cost a strong religious effort to restrain the old man from welcoming me with an embrace. He subdued, however, the swellings of his heart, and, as he rose from his knees, motioned me to a seat hewn from the rock, and closing the sacred book, proceeded to sing to a prolonged and solemn sort of melody the following rude and mysterious verses. In this kind of half sacred and half profane, half true and half prophetic poetry, the old ministers of the word allowed their hearers to indulge; with the hope, perhaps, that devotional verse would triumph over common song; an event which the joyousness of youth will keep ever at a distance.

THE CAMERONIAN SONG.

1.

I lay and slept on Wardlaw-hill,
A heavenly tongue came crying—
Ho! sleep ye when God's banner bright
Is on the rough wind flying—
When swords are sharpen'd, lances whet,
And trumpets sound from Sion?
Awake! strike in your strength, and stride
O'er fields of dead and dying.

2.

And lo! I woke, methought, and cried
Wo, wo to son and daughter;
To lord and loon, who scoff'd God's cause,
Be hissing scorn and laughter:
The blood of Scotland's chiefs shall flow
As rife as Lamma's water:
Awake, awake! and draw your swords,
The trumpet sounds to slaughter.

3.

And as I cried, lo! there arose
A sweet wind softly blowing,
That stirred among the blooming heath,
Like waters gently flowing,
Or like the sound 'mongst forest leaves,
When July's drops are sowing;
God's slain saints came in garments white
As winter, when it's snowing.

4.

And first they sang unto the Lord
A song of praise and wonder;
Then gazed on earth with eyes of fire,
And lips that utter'd thunder.

On proud men's necks they set the heel,
And trode the wicked under;
Shook thrones of evil kings, and cut
Their cords of strength asunder.

5.

Then the fierce whirlwind of his wrath
Along the land went sweeping;
I heard the gnashing of men's teeth,
And wailing and wild weeping.
God's sickle down the ripen'd ridge
Of wicked ones went reaping:
O'er all the earth let there be mirth,
And joy, and dance, and leaping.

6.

The martyr'd saints rose from their graves
On moor and mountain hoary:
I heard bold Cameron's voice, who lives
In godly song and story,
And Peden fierce, and Renwick meek,
Who preach'd on Nith and Corrie:
They sang a new song o'er the earth;
A song of praise and glory.

7.

Young gentle Herries too was there;
My three sons, tall and blooming
As when their bright brows to the dust
John Grahame stood sternly dooming.
My sweet wife came, from my dim eyes
I felt the big drops coming,
The light of heaven was in her looks,
And all the land did lumme.

8.

Oft in my slumberings at midnight,
And visions dark and drearier,
She comes and calls:—the wind sinks down
And sighs in awe to hear her
Sleep'st thou, my love? then glides away
With many a fair form near her:—
The longer that I live, my love,
I love thee aye the dearer.

9.

Mine is a love which with the bloom
Of woman's cheek keeps growing,
But fades not when the lovely rose
Has had its time of blowing:
It is a love not born to die,
And flows while my blood's flowing.
I've sung my song of sadness: now
Pray till the cocks are crowing.

As the song proceeded I looked round
On this cold and lonesome chamber, past
The door of which the descending sun
Poured a few ineffectual streams of light.
Its history was recorded on its walls; a
hermit's cell; a robber's den; a place of
refuge; and a haunt for vagrants. Cruci-
fixes, with kneeling devotees, were deeply
cut in the centre of the side walls; at-
tempts had been made by some scrupulous
occupant to efface them; while above, a
long pilgrimage or procession of saints,
with images and torches, seemed winding
towards a kind of altar or shrine for the

purposes of making offerings and perform-
ing devotion. In another place a much
more hasty, or less skilful hand, had cut a
scene of deeper and more recent interest.
Three youths knelt blindfolded; their
hands held upwards in prayer, and their
ankles wore fetters; at a little distance
stood soldiers with levelled carbines, and
some old men and women wrung their
hands, and seemed to implore in vain, to
a stern and determined captain, for tender-
ness and mercy. Texts from Scripture;
of sorrow, of triumph, or of fortitude,
were scattered thickly around; and many
a "Well done, ye good and faithful ser-
vants," was lavished on a scene, which,
rude as the representation was, no one
could look on without being moved. At
no distant period a battle seemed to have
been fought in the place; the walls were
dinted with strokes of swords, and several
musket-balls had sunk deeply into the soft
rock. Occurrences of a less tragic nature
had also taken place. A fire of wood and
turf had lately blazed against the wall,
and the floor still bore marks of a recent
feast. The bones of lambs and fowls lay
about, and the smell of liquor had not
wholly left some sheafs of straw, where a
horde of gipsies had enjoyed themselves.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Port: y

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

STANZAS.

There is a dull and heavy pain
That twines itself around my heart,
And joy and hope have sought in vain
To bid its flame depart.
It will not rest, it will not die,
But still it burns unceasingly.
It lights—but 'tis the meteor ray;
It warms—but 'tis the lightning's gleam;
Not the bright purity of day,
Nor light which gilds life's early dream.
And yet alas, I sought to own—
That time has pass'd—but once again,
A flower of bliss which bloomed alone,
Unheeded on my pathway shone;
None seemed to seek its sweets, and then
I fondly thought that I might dare—
The thought was prompted by despair.

It was not hope—that could not urge
My spirit on to seek for bliss,
For joy had sung its requiem dirge:
And there was scarce a wish, a sigh
For other happiness than this
To dream of early love,

Visions of life which flitted by,
And seemed to youth's enraptured eye
All earthly joys above.
It was not hope that bid me take
The flower that was before me,
My heart might calmly think to break
Nor wish joy's lustre o'er me.
It did not deem e'en that might bless,
With one bright ray of happiness.

I grasped it in the agony
That filled my breast,
As if 'twould give me peace again,
And sooth my bosom's burning pain,
And shed upon this tortured brain
A holy rest.
But my heart owns a withering spell,
A nameless curse—but known too well
The flower hath faded in my grasp;
Its tender beauty would not bear,
The long aspiring clasp
With which I held it there.

It was the last bright flower I sought,
The last wild glorious phantasy;
It vanished—and my heart was taught
That there was left no joy for me.
I lightly join in other's mirth,
And gaily smile when they are gay:
Less jovous—than to learn if earth
Can charm my loneliness away;
Less happy—than to seek if yet
One light unceasing hour may be,
And seeing happiness—forget
Each maniac thought of misery

HINDA.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

SONNETS.

I.

Farewell, thou glory of a fading dream!
Thou rainbow phantom of my heart, farewell!
'Tis vain the anguish of this hour to tell,
Or picture wo that might like madness seem.
Oh! dar'st thou ponder on the lightning's gleam,
Or stem the torrent of the rocky dell?
Or spurn the potency of the sorcerer's spell?
Then—of my heart's despair thou well may'st
draw—

The last wild struggle and quick agony,
The maniac parting, and the fearful hour,
Whose conscious memory can never die.
Parting, I gaze and sigh, but linger still,
As earth's sire paus'd on Eden's holy hill.

II.

Not swifter, from the glens of Rhodope,
Flowed Thracian Hebrus to the Aegean wave,
Than to affection's unforgotten grave
Hastes unforsaken, weeping memory!
When life was bliss, and Hope the bride of
heaven,
How gay the spirit, and the heart, how free!
All love was truth, all faith was fealty,
And Time, eternity to pure ones given;
But Youth's a rainbow of false light and tears,
And Love a star in fate's o'erclouded night,

And truth a flower the world's cold milieus
blight,
And life a restless toil of hopes and fears!
But, oh, 'tis sweet to fill the panting breast,
With thoughts of days when we were loved and
blest. L. F.

The following is an extract from a remarkable
and scarce poem, entitled "A Song to David,"
written by the late unfortunate Christopher Smart,
A. M. while confined in a mad-house, and com-
mitted, by means of a key, to the wainscot of his
room, when denied the use of pen, ink and paper.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air;
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell,
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence!
Sweet when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to live.

Sweeter in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle dove,
Pair'd to thy swelling chord,
Sweeter with every grace endu'd,
The glory of thy gratitude,
Respir'd unto the Lord.

Strong is the hare upon his speed,
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game;
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound,
Shoots Niphias to his aim

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball like a bastion's mole
His chest against his foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;
Strong against tide, th' enormous whale
Emerges, as he goes.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
Rank'd arms and crested heads:
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;
And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,
The virgin to her spouse
Beauteous the temple deck'd and fill'd,
When to the heaven of heaven's they build
Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
The Shepherd King upon his knees,
For his momentous trust;

With wish of infinite conceit,
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
And prostrate dust to dust.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite;
And precious the extreme delight,
The largess from the churl:
Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
And Alba's blest imperial rays,
And pure cerulean pearl.

Precious the penitential tear;
And precious is the sigh sincere,
Acceptable to God
And precious are the winning flowers,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers,
Bound on the hallow'd sod.

More precious that diviner part
Of David, even the Lord's own heart,
Great, beautiful, and new
In all things where it was intent,
In all extremes, in each event,
Proof answering true to true.

Glorious the sun in mid career:
Glorious th' assembled fires appear!
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm,
Glorious th' Almighty's stretch'd out arm;
Glorious th' enraptur'd main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious Hos-anna's from the den;
Glorious the Catholic amen;
* * * *

Glorious—more glorious, is the crown
Of Him, that brought salvation down
By meekness, call'd thy Son:
Thou that stupendous truth believ'd,
And now the matchless deed's achiev'd,
Determin'd, dar'd, and done.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

Errors of the Press.—In our last Nos.
and especially in the last, the typographi-
cal errors have been so abundant that we
trust to the goodness of our readers to ex-
cuse them, rather than offer any explana-
tion; of this, however, we assure them,
they were beyond our controul.

It is perhaps, unnecessary to advert to
them now, but we feel it our duty to state,
that, the last paragraph of our notice to
subscribers should have been the caption
to Mr. Fairfield's letter. A line or two has
been omitted, in the notice of the error of
"Four Months in Europe" which has
made the article very unconnected, &c.
We must also state, that, the little variety

in the last number arises from an error com-
mitted in the printing office.

We however, inform our subscribers,
that we have now changed our printer,
and we trust hereafter, we will never have
again to complain of so many errors, nor
our subscribers of delay in having the pa-
per served to them.

Effects of Tragic Acting. There is no-
thing which more powerfully affects an au-
dience than acting; there is no art, which
produces such a strong illusion or more
keenly engages the feelings and attention
of men as the histrionic. This is exem-
plified by the joy or wo produced by the
representation of tragedy or comedy upon
ladies, as well as gentlemen of strong minds,
who, though they are well aware that the
scene is unreal, yet, their imaginations are
so wrought up that they involuntarily and
almost unconsciously, think for the mo-
ment all that is passing before them is re-
ality.

Among actors themselves, many grievous
instances have occurred on the very stage,
in their efforts to do justice to the charac-
ters they have undertaken.

Montleury expired during the violent
efforts he made to represent Orestes, in
Racine's Andromache.

Palmer died while performing the Stran-
ger, at the moment he was expressing the
following passage; "There is another
and a better world," [we quote from me-
mory.] Bond in personating the charac-
ter of Lasignan, in Zara, felt its force so
keenly, that when Zara in her turn address-
ed him, she found him dead in the chair.
Boaden in his life of John P. Kemble relates
some similar catastrophes, and indeed
there are many instances in the history of
the histrionic art, of as fatal consequences.
This, however, we cannot put down to the
score of the effects of tragic acting, though
they have been often ascribed to this cause.
We believe they originated in the violent
efforts of performers to sustain their parts
with credit to themselves, which produces
that species of apoplexy, which medical
men term sanguineous.

For the real and genuine effects of tragic
acting, we must look only to the impres-
sion it makes on the audience. Shakspeare,
who knew the lights and shades of human
character, whether by intuition or acquisi-
tion, better than any man that ever lived,
was not ignorant of the power acting pos-
sesses over the passions, and in his Hamlet,

he makes the players serve a good purpose, for adopting the plan of discovering the guilt of his "A little less than kind, but more than kin," he gives the following reason :

"I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions."

Cumberland in the memoirs of his life has given a very interesting account of a celebrated actress he met in Madrid, and also an example of the wonderful way which her performance had upon the audience ; we quote it in his own words.

"I was not often tempted to the theatre, which was small, dark, ill-furnished, ill-attended, yet when the celebrated tragic actress, known by the title of the *Tiranna*, played, it was a treat, which I should suppose no other stage then in Europe could compare with. That extraordinary woman, whose real name I do not remember, and whose real origin cannot be traced, till it is settled from what particular nation or people we are to derive the outcast race of gipsies, was not less formed to strike beholders with the beauty and commanding majesty of her person, than to astonish all that heard her, by the powers that nature and art had combined to give her. My friend Count Pietra Santa, who had honourable access to this great stage heroine, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters, telling her at the same time that I had been a writer for the stage in my own country : in consequence of this intimation she sent me word that I should have notice from her, when she wished me to come to the theatre, till when, she desired I would not present myself in my box upon any night, though her name might be in the bill, for it was only when she liked her part, and was in the humour to play well, that she wished me to be present.

"In obedience to her message I waited several days, and at last received the look-for summons ; I had not been many minutes in the theatre before she sent a mandate to me to go home, for that she was in no disposition that evening for playing well, and should neither do justice to her own talents, nor my expectations. I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humour of her tribe. When something more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the theatre, and permitted to sit out the whole representation. I had not then enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was of the deepest cast of tragedy, for in the course of the plot she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead on the stage lying on each side of her, whilst she, sitting on the bare floor between them

(her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description) presented such a high-wrought picture of hysteric phrensy, *laughing wild amidst severest woe*, as placed her in my judgment at the very summit of her art ; in fact I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher, and such was the effect upon the audience, that while the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of sympathetic phrensy from the scene, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a catastrophe, probably too strong for exhibition, was not allowed to be completed.

"A few minutes had passed, when this wonderful creature, led in by Pietra Santa, entered my box ; the artificial paleness of her cheeks, her eyes, which she had dyed of a bright vermilion round the edges of the lids, her fine arms bare to the shoulders, the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her dishevelled locks, glossy black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance of something more than human, such a Sibyl, such an imaginary being, so awful, so impressive, that my blood chilled as she approached me, not to ask, but to claim my applause, demanding of me if I had ever seen any actress, that could be compared with her in my own, or any other country. 'I was determined,' she said, 'to exert myself for you this night ; and if the sensibility of the audience would have suffered me to have concluded the scene, I should have convinced you that I have not boasted of my own performances without reason.'"

History affords many examples of crimes being discovered by the effects of acting. The effects of Schiller's *Robbers* on the youth of Germany is too well known to be commented on.

The British government is so well aware of the power dramatic representations have on the passions of the populace, that it has adopted a dramatic censor, vested in the Lord Chamberlain, which prohibits any play being performed without having passed the ordeal of his censorship ; and there are instances on record of some tragedies being prohibited for a time and others totally interdicted. An instance of this occurred a few years ago, in the case of the poet-artist, *Shew* : the tragedy of *Lear* also, was ordered from the stage, during the latter days of George III.

When we sat down to this article we did not intend to devote so much space for it, and rather than multiply farther instances of the effects of tragic acting, will pause on this theme, for the present.

The following is that part of Mr. Fairfield's "Four Months in Europe," which

was accidentally omitted in our last. We trust, our readers will not find that it comes inappropriately here. ED.

We sat down to a rich feast of exorbitantly expensive good things, which began at seven o'clock, and lasted till nearly midnight ; while the wine circulated, and tongues rattled—Neal's, especially ; as if all the fountains of the bosom were allowed to gush forth into welcome of the excellent cheer. Several Unitarian clergymen were of the party ; one or two Oxonians ; four or five poets ; three or four editors of periodical works ; one traveller in Syria, Palestine, and India ; and I know not how many philosophers. In especial compliment to the two Republicans, the conversation was principally on America ; and it was amusing to hear Neal discourse on every earthly and unearthly subject which was proposed. Who would open his mouth when he had the floor ? The tremendous hiss of the redoubtable Sir Francis Burdett himself would not have been heard amid the cataract of Neal's eloquence. On he went, over hill and briar, bounding away like one of his own terrible heroes or one of his dreadful (—) dashes, without pausing for argument or troth, till we were summoned to the withdrawing room.* Then the company listened to his orations, till our carriage was announced ; then hurried away, as if he had forgotten that he had a volume to write before morning ; he drew me

* Towards the close of the evening, the conversation turned on American authors, and Mr Bowring observed, that he had heard of a Mr Bryant,* who he believed had written some poetry in the United States : "but," said he, "have you no better poet among you ? If not, I fear that your literature is very far from its meridian yet." To this I replied that, according to all sound judgment uninfluenced by personal considerations, Dr. Percival was immeasurably above Mr. Bryant in poetical genius and reputation ; and that nothing but such determined favouritism as guides the most of our literary works, could, for a moment, venture to equalize the wild, the tender, the impassioned genius of Percival, with the graceful lifelessness, the icy chasteness, the burnished weakness of Bryant.

* We dissent widely from the opinion here expressed of Mr Bryant ; we have at various times spoken of his genius in the highest terms. Whatever Mr. Bowring, or Mr. Fairfield may think or say, we look upon him as a poet who has no superior in America ; and very, very few equals. EDITOR.

down stairs to the infinite danger of my neck, leapt into the coach, and, seating himself beside me, commenced a methodical dissection of the company, as if his lungs were not made to breathe, which he did not quit till he set me down in Tottenham Court Road. Neal is a man of talent; a man who might have been an ornament to his country, had his mind been disciplined and his passions controlled in youth. As it is—but I will not judge him. I was certainly much amused with his declamations; for he was the lion of the night: all other animals roared in vain. I envied him not, heaven knows! for one such waste of lungs, on my part, would have silenced me for ever after. I never met with another who could talk so long and well on subjects of which he knows scarcely any thing. His imagination lends its hues to his discourse; and what he wants in learning is supplied by confident assertion. But he abounds in excellent qualities; a better heart, when independent of passion and caprice, never beat in a human bosom. Excessively vain and unstable, he affects to excel in every thing; but, kind and charitable, many a poor wretch has blessed his secret alms, and prayed a prayer of peace on the head of the unknown Christian. But my company is forgotten, and so it should be, for the dinner party is over.

A few mornings after, I breakfasted with Mrs. Joanna Baillie, the poetess. She is a maiden lady, with no particular characteristics; of about fifty five or sixty years of age, as I should judge by her countenance. Her manners are courtly; her conversation very interesting. She was remarkably inquisitive on every thing American; and expressed herself exceedingly flatteringly of our astonishing progress in all the arts of war and peace. She was glad, she said, to perceive a general spirit of inquiry relative to Indian manners and antiquities: those aborigines were a noble race, and they should not pass away, unnoticed, from the land which was once their empire. She said that, when she anticipated a century, her imagination was dazzled at the picture it drew of our vast and wonderful republic. Many other polite and agreeable things she uttered, which, lest my countrymen might esteem it flattery, I shall not here transcribe. Miss Baillie remains at Hampstead, a village not far from the metropolis; which will be described in its proper place. About eleven o'clock, I bade her adieu,

and hurried back to London on the top of a stage-coach,* to pursue my rapid observations on the moral aspect of the city-world.

I felt ashamed that any of my countrymen should desire to show their critical abilities at the expense of courtesy and good breeding. They could not flatter themselves that their attacks would injure Campbell in any way, except by wounding his personal feelings; and, assuredly, no one, who has any just claims to the character of a gentleman, would so debase himself, in his public office, as not only to indulge in personal hostilities, but, moreover, despatch his hot-pressed malevolence across the Atlantic, to the object himself. I was glad to perceive that Campbell was unwilling to accept a compliment, at the expense of his modesty; though I must say, he displayed in other subjects a degree of human vanity. The Swedish Consul, at Baltimore, had proposed his health in a set speech, at a public meeting; and, hoping, doubtless, to engraft his own obscure name on the living branch of Campbell: popularity, has written his said speech fairly out, and sent it to him, desiring it might be published in the New Monthly! "He would have done better to have printed it there and sent it hither, for sale," said Campbell to me, with a smile. He would have saved himself an exhibition of folly, had he never uttered it, thought I. From his conversation, which was partial, doubtless, I should judge that he was favoura-

* The English roads and carriages, of all kinds are very superior to our own. The public ways are admirably smooth and safe, though somewhat monotonous; and the various vehicles about London are greatly preferable to any thing of the kind to be found in the United States. Though my absence was very short, yet I had half forgotten what our coaches actually were: or, rather, the enjoyment of the English stages had annihilated the little respect I ever entertained for the American. They excel ours in speed, in ease, in safety; they carry much heavier burdens, and yet are less liable to accidents. Where I have been able to discover any thing praise-worthy among the English, I have not been slack in rendering them my humble tribute of applause. If the English Parliament would drain the great western marshes and convert them into fruitful manors, I would erase all I have written on its execrable government. Even as it is, I freely grant that the tunnel under the Thames, Westminster and Waterloo bridges, the macadamized roads, the London Docks, the public carriages and some other great public works can be equalled, in beauty and usefulness, by nothing of the kind among any other people. For steamboats and canals, it is in vain for any nation to think of rivalling the United States.

ble to America; but "there is many a parasang between tongue and heart." I fear that the remark of Mr. King, the United States' Secretary of Legation, is but too true; "The English praise you to your face, and, therefore, you are bound to respect their sincerity." I should suppose that Campbell lived in great domestic comfort; for his wife, a singularly sensible and accomplished woman, is the handsomest of her sex, I think, whom I saw in London. What if she should be the seraph that sings in the *vera voce* of her spouse? It is not impossible. Loving wives may forget their characteristic vanity in the cause of affection. However it is, I would rather possess one such woman than a thousand of Theodric's Julias; I had almost said, I would prefer such a wife, to the authorship of all his poems. But I am suddenly growing amorous and must take my leave. Campbell is now about forty-two, in good repute, easy circumstances, and quiet enjoyment of the good things of this life. Long may he and his beautiful wife continue in their pleasant heritage, undisturbed by the abuse of the foolish or the envy of the malignant; who always bray the louder, the farther the object of their hatred is removed from their attacks!

A few days after having dined with Mr. B—, of Tavistock-street, I was invited to a splendid dinner party, at Mr. Bowring's; and went, in company with Mr. John Neal, a strange compound of genius and folly; power and impotence; knowledge and ignorance; all that is amiable and reprehensible in human nature; from the Bank of England to Hackney, the village residence of our host. John Bowring, Esq. is the Editor of the Westminster Review; the author of "Matins and Vespers;" the translator of odes from the Russian and Dutch; and the same gentleman who was imprisoned in a violent and arbitrary manner, some years ago, in France; having been thrown into a horrible dungeon, because he was the bearer of letters, whose contents he did not know, reprehending the government of the admirable Bourbons. He obtained his liberty, only by the direct interference of Mr. Canning. Mr. Bowring is a fine looking man, about thirty five years of age; learned and affable, capable alike of melting the heart by his pathos, and shaking the sides by his humour and jest. He is about the middle height, well formed, having a bold sloping brow, sunken

eyes, and a pale expressive countenance. He is married and has several children. His adventures in life have been manifold, and his opportunities singular; for he has travelled over the most of Europe, and acquired an intimate knowledge of many languages, whose brightest gems he transfers to the already sick casket of his own nation's wonderful literature.

Egotism.—During the whole course of our observation of human nature, we have never met a fellow-being, who had not more or less of egotism in his constitution; it is a law of nature, second only to self-preservation. The dictionary explanation of the word, is the too frequent repetition, in speaking or writing, of Ego, —I.

Self-esteem, pride, vanity, ostentation, and oftentimes generosity, (as it is termed,) show the egotist. In many cases, however, men are unjustly accused of egotism: self-esteem, pride, (vanity, and ostentation, we will exclude,) and generosity, to a certain and limited extent, are not marks of the egotist. A just estimation of our abilities and qualifications, is an obligation each man owes to himself; and he who denies himself this debt, may be accused of the pride of not being proud. There are men in this world who *pride* themselves on being humble.

Though it may be unnecessary to tell the world in direct terms our merits; yet there are few men, perhaps none, who do not show indirectly in their actions or gestures, the estimation in which they hold themselves.

It is a failing of human nature, that men, seldom or never judge correctly of themselves; or, in other words, that man does not know himself. He looks through a false mirror, and puts a light upon his deeds, in which, perhaps, no callous spectator views them.

In actions, we can form a juster estimate, than in writings. In actions, the obedience and reverence due to law, and respect and duty to society, are generally good criticisms. In writings it is different: the critic's judgment is the only law, and deference to the opinion of our readers is the sole duty we owe society. The creations of our fancy are dear to us as children: and as it is a wise father who knows his own child, so it is a wise author who estimates the true value of his book.

If critics condemn (for that which men take the labour to write and publish, gene-

rally claims their sober approbation) we too often find a salvo, in difference of political opinion, jealousy, or envy of malignant spirits. If the public disapprove—no mind of their own; swayed by critic's verdict; personal dislike; machinations of prejudiced and inimical tattlers, or neglect of genius. But, if the public voice be in our favour, we give merit to our readers, they could not do less than pay such homage to our *matchless merit*. Thus, whether an author's book, be popular or unpopular, his self-pride or egotism, is, nine cases out of ten, not a whit changed. This is strikingly illustrated by writers, fortunate, or unfortunate, loading the shelves of booksellers, with their ponderous volumes.

Whatever authors may think, or whatever may be the verdict of partial critics, the popular opinion is the surest thermometer of a man's genius. If a work has really merit, the public will encourage it: if dull and stupid, *they* will reject. Merit or demerit, will soon be discovered; though the former, perchance, too late to please the impatient author. We might as soon turn the course of the Nile or the Mississippi, as direct the general voice.

The New-York Theatre.—This splendid building is progressing rapidly, and will be finished in due time to open from the 15th Oct. to 1st Nov. We understand every thing will be arranged on the most liberal scale; and if the hopes which are held out be only realized, we little doubt but it will prove not only the resort of intellectual citizens, but also a source of profit to the enterprising managers. Mr. Gilfert, and all connected therewith, have our best wishes. Among the corps dramatique, who are already engaged, we find the following names. Mrs. Gilfert, Miss Placide, from the New-Orleans theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Hughes, Miss Tilden. Mr. Booth, (who, in our opinion, stands only second to Mr. Kean) Mr. Forest, Mr. Hyatt, and Mr. Keene, the vocalist, &c. in all a company stronger than, probably, was ever assembled in one theatre in this country.

We see the "Park" has commenced a new campaign, with old campaigners; the public voice is decidedly against many of the performers at that establishment, and justly too. The manager ought, for his own sake, to make a radical change;

where there will be so much opposition, a thorough pruning is necessary. We like old friends, and therefore we are the more anxious that the Park may this winter be the resort of intellectual people.

Popular Tales.—This week we give another Tale by the author of *The Yorkshire Alehouse*, and *Christina Swayne*, &c. These Tales, we are happy to find, have given our readers general satisfaction. It is seldom, indeed, that we meet with such admirable sketches. They have a dash of the author of *Waverley's* vivid delineation of character: the ballads which are introduced, have certainly much of Scott's style.

We purpose to give two or three more from the same pen.

The Scrutinizer.—Charles N. Baldwin, Esq. late editor of the *Republican Chronicle*, is about to re-appear before the public in a semi-weekly paper, under the title of "*The Scrutinizer*." Mr. Baldwin is a man of ability, and of well-tryed and sterling integrity: he is an independent and honourable man, who has heretofore "done the state some service;" and we are glad that he has promised to do more. His character is a sure pledge that he will perform what he promises. This is no puff;—we speak what we know, and what we well know, to the public. We subjoin Mr. Baldwin's prospectus.

"Periodical publications are so numerous at the present day, that we should hardly venture before the public again, did we not perceive the necessity of the establishment of an Independent Journal in this metropolis that would dare to advance the *Truth*, and expose *Vice* in all its deformity, regardless of bribes, threats, or the influence of wealth; alike unmoved by friendly feelings toward the violator of *Justice*, and uninfluenced by the colossal power of any moneyed aristocracy.

"In the establishment of the "*SCRUTINIZER*," we have the public good in view, and intend, as far as our feeble efforts will enable us, to reveal to this injured community, the machinations, tricks, intrigues, and frauds, of corrupt men, whether concerned in Banks, Insurance Companies, Lotteries, the *Lobby*, the State Legislature, the Congress of the United States, or any public office of trust or profit whatever; relying on the friendly aid of those who may have it in their power to give us such

information as we may not be in possession of, for which we shall ever feel the warmest gratitude.

"We do not intend to make war upon the moneyed institutions of our city generally; but when we find an arrogant knave assuming a superiority over his honest and industrious neighbours, merely because he *has*, and *does exercise* the power to rob an institution whose funds are entrusted to his care by the unsuspecting stockholders, we shall feel it a duty incumbent upon us to unmask the villain, and drag him forth in all his deformity, to expiate his crimes on the scaffold of public opinion. The late unexampled failures among our chartered companies, have produced an unusual excitement in the public mind, and contributed, more than any other cause, to create distrust among our tradesmen, and, consequently, a general stagnation of business.

"The columns of the *SCRUTINIZER* shall be free from the bickerings of party politicians, or the vulgar abuse of private character, as neither of these subjects can contribute to the public good.

"It is our intention to give a faithful and impartial report of the trials of the individuals who have been recently indicted by our Grand Jury, for and improper management in various Banking and Insurance Companies, together with a report of all other cases that may be of peculiar interest to our readers. We shall make copious extracts from Foreign and Domestic Journals, and give a complete summary of passing events. Scientific and Literary Intelligence, shall have a due share of attention, and the Drama will not pass unnoticed. Well written communications shall be inserted, and all matters worthy of record will find a place in our columns. In short, no exertions on our part shall be wanted to entitle the *Scrutinizer* to the favour and patronage of a liberal and candid people.

"The *Scrutinizer* will be issued on Wednesday and Saturday of each week, (commencing about the middle of September,) at Five Dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

"Advertising patrons will be charged twenty dollars per annum, paper included. Transient advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the usual rates."

New-York, August, 23, 1826.

Mountain air. We recommend to all those who are not fond of hot pavements, and a sultry sun, an excursion to the Pine

Orchard. They will find pure air, the finest scenery in the world, comfortable quarters, a well-furnished table, and good company. In addition, they will find in Mr. Webb a polite and attentive host, with whom every visiter is well pleased and satisfied. We have been at many places of general resort this summer, and no where have we been more comfortable than at the summit of the Catskill.

The unexpected delay of the paper this week, arises, not from any fault of our present printer, but was occasioned by the remissness of our former, in delivering the necessary materials. Mr. Baldwin is a gentleman on whose word we can implicitly rely, and on whose promise we assure our city subscribers that their papers will hereafter be regularly delivered on Sunday mornings, and our country subscribers may depend on theirs being mailed on the same days.

To Correspondents. "VINDEX" was received too late for this number. His communication shall certainly appear next week.

PHILOMUS is received: we cannot consent to publish any criticism from an unknown pen, of a book we have never seen. Will the writer give us his name?

THE BLACK LIST.

JOSEPH SAYRE, of Delaware co. N. Y. is particularly disinclined to pay for the paper.

JULIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga county, has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence co. has not paid.

(To be Continued.)

N. B. That there may be no mistake and no unnecessary apprehensions on the subject of the Black List, it is proper to state, that these are subscribers to the *Minerva*, which paper I purchased about fourteen months ago, and which was incorporated with the New-York Literary Gazette, last September. The year of these subscribers expired last April, and due warning has been given to all. Our good subscribers have nothing to fear from the Black List: no name shall be inserted hastily, unadvisedly or unjustly; but when once inserted there it shall remain.

A. WILLIAMS.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

ALSO, AGENT FOR LOANING MONEY, AND

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE,

No. 500 Grand-street.

BOOK BINDING.—The subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he still continues the *BOOK BINDING BUSINESS*, in all its various branches, at No. 23 Cross street, where all who may favour him with a call may rest assured their work shall be executed with neatness and despatch.

Blank books ruled and bound, and warranted to be equal to any in the city.

A general assortment of blank books for sale.

JOHN H. MINUSE.

N. B. Subscribers to the "*Literary Gazette*" can have their volumes bound in calf or any kind of binding, by sending them to the above place.

Music books, gentlemen's libraries, old books, and publications, bound to any pattern, and at the shortest notice. July 1.

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Price of the Traveller, \$4 per ann: of the Traveller and Register, \$5 per ann. half in advance. July, 1826.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

JAMES G. BROOKS,

EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR,

OFFICE NO. 4, WALL STREET, NEW-YORK.

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